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prosaic extravagance. But 'tis not so; it is a false and fallacious argument, fit only for the bad workman who complains of his tools.

Events are fast shaping themselves and soon we shall revel in one grand national confederation in which sculptural work will be injected, not as hitherto, to fill up an undesirable career, but to be contemporaneous, co-mingling with gladdening results. The efforts made by those who would be entitled to the glorious titles of sculptor and who by their supreme efforts would warrant the esteem and patronage of the public and the respect of the critic.

Sculptural exhibitions will be the proud announcements, and earning the right by the exquisite dignity of their own achievements and purpose, will stand absolutely alone, offering the creations and effectually assisting the sculptor by the self-same *modus operandi* that now controls the oil and watercolor exhibitions. From the cold wave-dashed rocks of Maine to the Pacific, our cities have given money and space to material, form, and efforts, bloated with conventionalism, robbed of all idealism, and perfectly naked in truth.

It is not my purpose here to anathematize the creators, sufficient that I know them, have watched them working and have witnessed the casting, the setting up, and the unveiling.

Therefore do not charge me. I pray you, with having made merely a cursory inspection, and think that the shell of the excuse shall be to me the nut, or that the old well-worn excuse shall suffice that "it was spoilt in the casting."

No possible accident in casting could have spoilt Benjamin Franklin's statue in Washington, or the monument to the police heroes of the Haymarket riots in Chicago, the equestrian statue of General McClellan in Philadelphia, the Commodore Vanderbilt at Nashville, Tenn., General Grant in Brooklyn, Charles Sumner in Boston, or many around us in New York City.

The recognition made by the efforts of our men, French, Potter, Mac Monnies, Barnard, Lukeman, Crawford, Rinehart, Boyle, and U. S. Dunbar, is an earnest guarantee that not alone will the government give them the support needed, but by its stronger influence will it be the means of their receiving a national and an international support; and gradually and slowly the work of eliminating the weeds from the garden will have taken place. The mud-slinger, the plaster cast maker, the garland modeller, will be relegated to the cold working bench allotted to the mechanic and barred from the use and privilege of the *Après-déjeuner*.

There in the period of that blissful time it shall not become a necessity to ask what constitutes a sculptor, he shall be recognized by the glory of his work, his lofty ambition, his sweet, deep sense of sympathy, pain and joy; and he shall proudly acclaim Michael Angelo and Praxiteles as his masters. And after that? Kipling answers:

"When earth's last picture is painted
And the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded,
And the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need—
Lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the master of all good workmen
Shall set us to work anew."

W. P. LOCKINGTON.

THE SALMAGUNDI MUGS.

The second annual series of Ex-Libri's Mugs, issued by the Salmagundi Club, is now ready and will be sold at the library dinner early in April. The sale will be by Auctioneer Mr. Bruce Crane wielding the hammer. This issue of Mugs is always limited to 24, one of which will be decorated each year with the book plate of the library. That particular mug has been designed and executed this year by Mr. Harry Fenn, whose long F is so familiar to admirers of fine magazine illustrations, and who, by the way, is just now making studies along the Gulf, between Mobile and New Orleans. The mugs will be fixed hereafter without a glaze, in bisque, which insures the preservation of all the beauty of the drawing. Each mug is numbered and registered, with a description of all its markings in the library, and of course signed by the artist.

The artists represented in the present issue are as follows, in the order of the number affixed to their mugs: George H. McCord, Gaingero Yeto, Thomas Moran, Herbert Levy, A. T. Van Laer, F. K. W. Rehn, C. Myles Collier, Thomas B. Craig, L. C. Earle, George Elmer Browne, H. R. Poore, Carleton Wiggins, Harry Fenn, A. C. Morgan, Edward Potthast, Albert Sterner, James G. Tyler, P. Fraunfelder, William J. Hays, Charles Warren Eaton, Charles C. Curran, Charles Frederick Naegele, William Henry Shelton and Charles Volkmar.

It is believed that this small issue of Salmagundi Mugs will be a favorite investment for collectors. There is an opportunity for a number of collectors to secure one specimen from each series, but they will cost good money. The librarian has an offer of \$50 for any mug he may select, for a customer in France, who last year secured the mug by Walter Shirlaw.

This sale, it should be stated, furnishes the yearly library fund, which is being expended for art books, technical and costume works.

W. H. SHELTON.

HOW TO TELL A GOOD PICTURE.*

BY C. H. CAFFIN.

To appreciate the beauty of a poem we must study the poet's language and his conception. If the poem is in French, we cannot fully enter into it without a knowledge of the French language. To appreciate a picture we need equally to acquaint ourselves with the painter's language, or medium of expression, and also to try to place ourselves at his point of view, in order to realize his conception.

Before enlarging upon both of these, let us note two wrong ways of looking at a picture. Watch many of the visitors to Sargent's Hall in the Boston Public Library. They glance at the paintings; then espy the printed description; pick it up and work their way through the maze of more or less unfamiliar names and myths, lifting their heads occasionally to identify the details. It is a long description and hard reading. The end reached they ejaculate, "How interesting!" and pass on their way. Or, again, watch the people in a picture gallery. How many move round, catalogue in hand, intent particularly on learning the painter's name and the subject of his picture, and on verifying the subject in the details. If without consulting the catalogue they can correctly attribute a picture to a painter, they are jubilant. Such progress have they made in their art education.

The Sargent example illustrates the tendency to interpret pictures entirely in a literary way; the other, that method of studying by labeling, sorting, and arranging in separate pigeon-holes of the brain for identification. The latter ignores the æsthetic qualities of a picture, the former misinterprets them.

Both errors arise from our system of school education, which is devoted to the development of the intellect, with little attention to the moral, scarcely any to the sense side of our natures. Yet the senses are always with us and in constant communication with the brain, though in an untrained, haphazard, and often quite unconscious manner. In a limited degree the child's sense of sight is trained, as, for example, to distinguish between straight and crooked lines, but not to appreciate the subtle inflections of a line, as every Japanese child learns to do; so, as we grow older, these inflections have no meaning for us, make no impression upon us, apart from the object which they help to depict. The drawing of the human form is nothing more to us than a representation of some man or woman, whereas to the artist it is primarily an expression of beauty, as perceptible as the ripple of melody in music. In the same way the child obtains a rudimentary knowledge of form, but little or no æsthetic perception of it: still less of composition, of the effects produced upon the senses by repetition or by contrast. It learns to name this the oak and that the birch, but not to study the sturdy bulk of the one and the delicate sprinkle of the other, the massive trunk and muscular arms, and the tapering stem and pendent branches. So, too, with color: the child is taught to give names to painted discs, but not to appreciate the harmonies of color, still less to note the effects on nature's colors according as they are played upon by light or shadow.

It is names, names, always names. We are taught to classify, name and identify, not to feel. The education being confined to mental conceptions and to the words embodying them, it is not strange that with most people the interest in a picture is solely a "literary" one, addressed to the subject and not to the painter's language (of which we shall speak presently), through which it is expressed. And yet it is just this expression which is the main virtue in a good picture, making it a separate work of art as distinguished from a prose or poetical treatment of the same subject by a writer.

The fault is often with the painter. A great many pictures convey nothing more to us than a story, the incidents of which could be more fully and forcibly related in words. Such pictures are not "good": they do not rise to the possibilities of art. Or, some painters try to tell the story precisely as the writer would: "This is Juliet and that the potion; observe also the accuracy of the costume and of all the details." But there, perforce, they stop; the fixing of the moment is fatal to the effect. The poet can give us the approaching dread, the supreme moment, and the following horror; the scene lives and moves in our imagination. But the painter—he chooses his moment and must abide by it; and lest we should mistake the maiden for some other heroine of romance, he has to write "Juliet" beneath his picture, or we should not understand it. He has chosen a subject which literature can better treat, and he has been forced to bolster it up with literary suggestion, and even so it is unsatisfying. Why? Because he has not relied upon his own painter's language, or chosen a subject which that language can express more adequately than words. The words of his language are: line, form, composition, color, tone, light, and shade, and atmosphere, in infinite variation and union. The æsthetic effect of

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